







Just eat it: Food

What happens when the main ingredient is ... roadkill?



DAILY SPECIALS

- Monday - Grand House
- Tuesday - Grand House
- Wednesday - Grand House
- Thursday - Grand House
- Friday - Grand House
- Saturday - Grand House
- Sunday - Grand House



100

May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

*Let us, be encouraged Today, as
we embark on a new beginning.*

We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!



REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say! God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled the road together and through your grace you taught us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or complaining just always going the extra mile explaining----It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To club meetings you would go with perfect attendance always to show. Now in later years you travel in a big sleek line and with style but the years has not changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.



DR. MCNEILL

ge. Donald McNeill



DR. McNEILL.

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.



THE SENATUS

1954

Opening Remarks Elix McNeill
5th generation

Scripture Stacy McCallister
7th generation
(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer Grady Moore
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" written by Louise McNeill
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
Dedication Service at the White House, which
stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding,
and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations,
wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,
living peaceably in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name,
so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.
But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace.
And their name lives to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac, 5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord appointed to them great glory,
his nobility from the beginning.
There were kings who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
and were men renowned for their understanding,
giving counsel by their understanding.

And proclaiming prophecies,
leaders of the people in their generations,
wise in their words of instruction,
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,

living nobly in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.

There are some of them who have left a name,
so that we declare their praise.

For there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.

But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten.

Their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.

Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.

Their names were buried in peace,
and their name lives to all generations.

Peoples will declare their wisdom,
and the congregation proclaim their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-44c, 5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks Ella McNeill
1st Generation

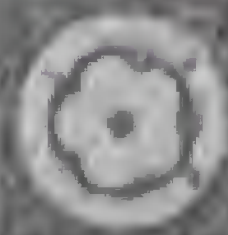
Scripture Stacy McCallister
2nd Generation
(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4, 6c,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer Grady Moore
Moderator, Session

Poem - "The Flame" written by Louise McNeill
read by Antebellie McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
Dedication Service at the White House, which
stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.

1776



1976

THOMAS MCNEILL

ca. 1747 - 1800

HE BECAME THE FIRST OF HIS LINE TO BE A MEMBER
OF THE SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN 1790
HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE A MEMBER OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN 1790

THOMAS McNEILL
MONUMENT DEDICATION
SERVICE



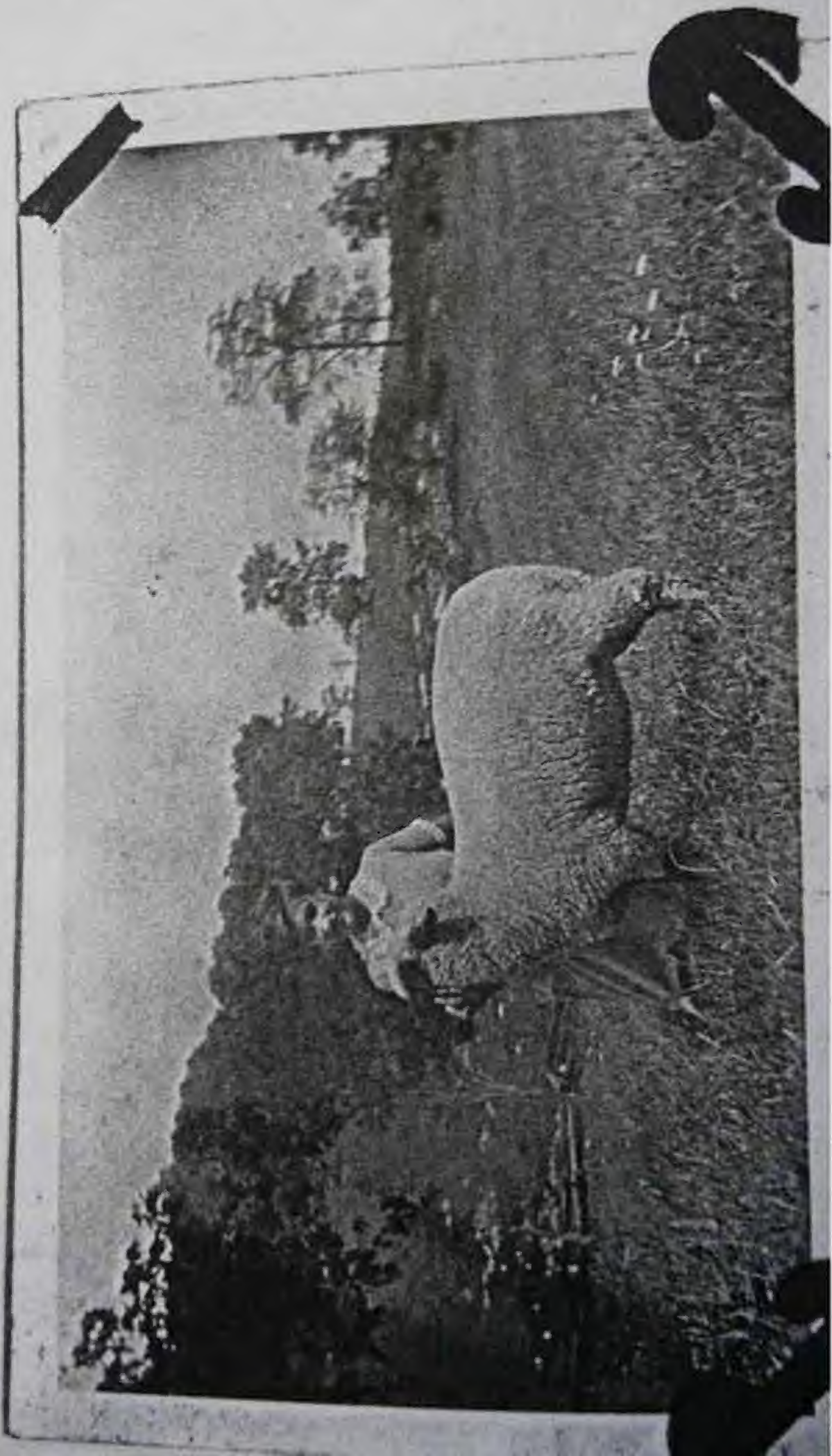
October 24, 1981

1:30 P.M.

Buckeye, West Virginia













SECOND DAY DRESS	Linda Landle
THE PERAMBULATOR	Ann Pennypacker and daughter, Elizabeth
"The Proper Upbringing"	
Denise McNiel, Jessica Pauber, Melissa Galford	
Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpe, Joshua Hunter	
"Afternoon Callers"	
Geraldine Dille, Almeta Shrader, Barbara Campbell,	
Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder	
THE NIGHT PARADER	Charles Edward McElwee
"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"	Barbershop Quartet
"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"	
ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC	Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry
THE AFTERNOON EVENT	Natalie Austin
SUGAR 'n SPICE	Dorothy Jessen
PINK STRIPED SILK	Barbara Jane Shaw
"Excitement of the Age"	
Delmar Dille, Frank Lindagood	
LINEN DUSTERS	
Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis	
THE BLACK TAFFETA	Diana Cooper
LADIES' SPORT	Libby Korrade
THE SOPHISTICATED AGE	Dreams Barnes
THE FLAPPERS	Kitty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd
THE BLACK LACE	Isabel Mathews
CHIFFON EVENING GOWN	Vera Ann Curry

"A CENTURY OF FASHION"

assisted by

Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

FINALE

"The West Virginia Hills"

H. W. Engle

[Audience Join In Singing]

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory
Like our Prince Immanuel's land!
Is it any wonder then,
That my heart with rapture thrills,
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills!

CHORUS

O the hills, beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills:
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.

Master of Ceremonies
William P. McNeel

PROLOGUE

POETRY READING Dr. Louise McNeill Pease
"My Home Among the Hills" E. W. James, Jr.
Solist Rebecca Perry
Barbershop Quartet Charles Fauber, Daniel Curry,
Larry Yegodinski, Harry Holsapple

Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator
Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER Ina Montgomery
"Apple Butter Makin' in the Fall"
Glenna Hayes, Eva Shrader, Marguerite Gay
"Youthful Merriment" Dancers
Rick Barlow Gray Beverage
Charma Roy Lowell Underwood Kathy Underwood
Dreama Sharp
Ken Underwood Mike Friel Tony Sharp
Laura Howell Irene White

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA Betty Ree Wellford
BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE Carol McNeill
GREY WEDDING SUIT Nancy Gallard
BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET Frances Baldwin
BLUE WEDDING DRESS Susan Viers
*WIDOW'S WEEDS Sheila Burns
BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET Nancy Martin
THE ELDERLY COUPLE Johnnie and Madeline Hill
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" Barbershop Quartet
"Camptown Races"
"Saturday Night Rhual"
Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,
Johnny Reese, Charles Edward McElwee

"O' Susanna" Barbershop Quartet
"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"
ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY Merry Young
PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE Annette Kramer
GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES Elizabeth Newkirk
GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA Frances McPeters
"The Proper Young Ladies"
"The Sultor's Proposal"
Richard Barlow III
THE DAINTIES Mary White Simmons
THE GIBSON GIRL Lynette Anderson
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR Raymond Ghaan
THE WEDDING DRESS Sallie Daugherty

*Copy of original from Pocahontas County family.

Research

Betty M. Holden

Dorothy M. Becke

Marian Jarvinen

Apparel

Elizabeth Gay
Marguerite Gay

Evah Harper
Ann Pennypacker

Louise Barlow
Sheila Burns

Make-Up

Natalie Austin

Dana Miller

Nancy Galford

Staging

Richard Barlow
Jean Hite

Robert Viers
Joe Smith
Mary Jane Galford

Jane Price Sharp
Harvey Galford

Properties

Wanda Eye

Pamela Sharpes

Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given enthusiastically of their time and talents;

—To the many persons for lending or wearing cherished and preserved possessions of yesteryear, thus making this presentation possible.

PIONEER DAYS

presents

West Virginia's Poet Laureate
DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE

and

Mementos of *The Rolling Years*

• Nostalgic • • Humorous •
• Enlightening •

Authentic Apparel
Memorable Modes and Manners

A NARRATED PRESENTATION
written and directed by
RUTH M. MORGAN

Musical Accompaniment
KATHERINE SNYDER

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet
and
"Youthful Merriment"
Dance Coordinator—Genevieve Martin

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1979 — 8:45 P.M.
MARLINTON ATHLETIC FIELD













...will bring down the
...back from the
...years ago.
...call me from
...to carry
...the
...the clean clothes
...So out drag-
...would begin all
...as
...a spell of
...the furniture, a fit
...the burden
...the transfer of dress-
...and what-
...of vari-
...kind. But the Captain's black
...highway would always be
...back into its exact old place
...against the wall and the carved
...of its upper right-hand
...drawer would stare out at me, say-
...ing, "Do Not Touch. I am the
...Captain's Drawer."

After Mama's shifting and start-
ing were over, we would carry the
goat back into the kitchen — the
stove still absent — and rearrange
the cupboard shelves. Then the beds
must be put together; their side
pieces knocked into their places
with a hammer, and the slats laid
on the springs, the straw tick, then
the feather tick — in that order, and
then the beds made up for the night.
And the shining windows rein-
stalled with nails and hammer, and
the sweet-smelling curtains hung.
Then, by late supper time, G. D.
would come to help carry the range

back into the kitchen and — after
an immortal struggle — manage to
get the stovepipe into its hole.

But all of Mama's housecleanings
did not go as smoothly and surely as
this one typical day. One time a
sudden rainstorm swooped down
on us from Bridger's Mountain, with
Mama running to gather up G. D.'s
books, yelling at us to "get in the
feather ticks" and the rain inundat-
ing a goat scattering of our house-
hold effects.

Then that other and historic day
when G. D. arrived at late noon
hour to announce calmly that State
School Superintendent Maurice P.
Shawkey was arriving for a fried
chicken supper at half past six. It
was this day that G. D. helped us
carry in the furniture, helped nail
down the carpet, labored manfully
to get the window strips back in
place. And all of us kids running
back and forth for loads of old coats,
kitchen equipment, shirts and neck-
ties, leather volumes of Charles
Dickens, chamber pots, bed ticks,
spice boxes — and G. D. pounding
the kitchen stovepipe into its black,
ill-fitting hole.

By four o'clock the house was fur-
nished, though the spice boxes were
under the bed and the empty straw
ticks stuffed into the closet. The
beds looked a little low, of course,
and the curtains wrinkled; but the
fire was flickering in the kitchen
stove, and Mama was out in the big

yard, ready to direct us as we ran
the doomed chickens down. She
selected three fairly young red
roosters and set us on the trail.
Around and around the big yard
we pursued the first one, the
monster, his head up like a phrased
Indian, running with his legs high
and squawking wildly and dou-
bling out and in. Round and round
the yard and then round and round
the chicken house, and the dog with
his death howl, and Mama flap-
ping her apron on the turns.

But finally he was cornered, then
his two wild brothers with him, and
all three carried — squawking and
flailing, to the chopping block,
where Mama dispatched them, in
turn, with one practiced slash of
the ax; then popped them into a
sizzling kettle, jerked their feathers
off in big handfuls and — light-
ing a copy of the *Toloto Blade* —
singed them with the flaming head-
lines; and then rushed, her eyes cold
and her apron bloody, into the
kitchen to gut them, cut them, and
pop them into the pot.

At 6:30, while G. D. and State
Superintendent Shawkey sat in the
parlor talking, Mama was setting
down in front of G. D.'s plate at the
dining table a great platter of
golden-brown fried chicken, then
adding her dishes of creamy mashed
potatoes, gravy, canned green
beans, spiced peaches, pickles, and
hot biscuits, and warm blackberry
pie. As she moved around the table
in her clean starched apron, she
seemed — except for the strange
gleam in her gentle blue eyes — as
quiet as a rose.

Then she went in and invited the
two men to supper, apologizing for
her biscuits as they sat down. When
we were all pulled up to the table
and our starched napkins unfolded,
G. D. cleared his throat and asked
Superintendent Shawkey to say the
grace.

"Thank you for the blessing of
this day, bless this food to be
used." And Mama sitting there with
her hands folded and her head bowed
devoutly in prayer. For, as she used
to say, "Cleanliness is next to god-
liness," and "Many hands make
light work."

From Volume 19, number 3, 1993

Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University
of Pittsburgh Press published
Louise McNeill's *Ferni Buffalo*, an
extensive collection of the late
poet Laureate's favorite poems.

Ferni Buffalo was the project
which provided excitement to
McNeill's later years. The title re-
flects a fascination which McNeill
— an Indianan whose son is a
physician — came to have with the
re-emergence of the mythic past and
the wonder of science, repre-
sented here by the buffalo roam-
ing the grounds of the Fermi
Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful,
some as short as the three lines
she called "Couple":

You have not changed —
for I am the kind.
Your face — to me —
is never lined;
As you grow wrinkled,
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Char-
leson, writer Topper Silverwood
in preparing the manuscript for
the book.

Ferni Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for
\$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in
paperback. The book may be pur-
chased in bookstores or from the
University of Pittsburgh Press,
127 North Bellefield Avenue,
Pittsburgh, PA 15260.



Granny, meanwhile, for she was always on her own individual edge of the wrenery, would be going over the bedsprings and all the bed ticks and crannies, going over them in that ancient routine of the wrenery, with a turkey feather dipped in turpentine. For turpentine is death on bedbugs, and Granny was always certain that our bed had been colonized by the little red bloodsucking bugs. The usual argument was one of the more sources of friction between Granny and Mama, for Mama insisted that there were no bedbugs, while Granny insisted that there were whole settlements of them and would spend half a day, with her turkey feather, going in and out of all the cracks and crannies in her old powder routine. Next she would soak the bedsteads with buckets of soapy water, and then get her a big stick and start beating and bailing at the rugs.

The rugs, with one exception, Mama's 8-by-12 from the floor of the parlor, were not rugs, actually, but home-woven cotton carpets, the ones that Lydia Allen, up on Dry Creek, wore on her great clacking loom. None of the women of our house could weave carpets now — the old skills passing slowly and silently — but Lydia Allen could still weave, and also Grandma Susan and Cousin Mahala, though Lydia did most of the neighbor-hood carpets now.

So Mama, when new carpet was needed, would cut carpet rags in

the winter, cutting their long strips from pieces of worn-out clothing, then sewing the strips together, and winding them into great basketball-sized balls. Then she would carry the great soft multicolored balls up the creek to Lydia, and, when the carpet was woven, would nail it down on the floor with carpet tacks, the old square-topped kind.

These carpet tacks, though only around the carpet edges, could wreak havoc on a child's bare feet, and turpentine would have to be poured down into the little puncture holes. Then, too, this carpet would become, during a long year's season, a great catch-all for dust and dirt. And though Mama all year, on her day of Saturday cleaning, would sprinkle salt and water on the carpet and sweep up the yellow, dirty salt, still the carpet was a dusty catch-all, and on spring cleaning day must be taken up from the floor, drug out into the yard, then beaten and turned over, and beaten again with all of Granny's fury, while the dust rose from it in yellow fogs, and the dog barked, and the chickens ran and cackled, and the wham-wham of Granny's beating stick echoed against the smokehouse wall.

At noontime we would hurriedly eat the cold lunch Mama had prepared for the occasion and then hurry back to the conflict. The window curtains must be washed and stretched, the wearing clothes carried back into the house to their pegs and to our one closet, so that

the scatter rugs could be put on the clothesline and beaten with paddles and sticks.

By now the tired woman would have the inside of the house all clean and soap-smelling, and we could begin to carry in our gear. The heavy old carpet came first, and we would drag it heavily and pull it into place. Then Mama and Ward, crawling on their knees, would attempt to stretch it and tack it down, thus to cover up, for another dusty season, the old Captain's wide-board cherry floor.

It would be almost dark when we sat down to supper, and the cows still to be milked, the eggs still to be gathered, but Mama would glance around the dining room with a look of weary satisfaction. For though the ceiling still leaked, and the old wallpaper still hung in bubbles, the room was full of soap and sweetness. Then one time, I remember Mama going into the Captain's room in the twilight and setting up in the very middle of the table a bunch of pink flowers in her pretty glass dish. And all the room smelled of sweet flowers and brown soap and sunlight, and I can smell it now, and the harsh old brown soap smell makes the tears sting in my eyes.

The empty scrubbed rooms of the house would seem, at this juncture, very big and silent, with all their people gone. I would walk through the echoing rooms, smelling the soap and soap, and then, staring into the corners, would sense the presence of the old Captain as he had worked.



Perhaps the labor was not actually as heavy as it now seems to me, for we had only wooden furniture, and Grandpa's black walnut dining table was only eight feet long, the tableless parlor stove easy enough for four people to carry, and, besides, the day itself gave forth an air of singular flurry and excitement, of new beginnings and hot soapbuds and cleansing sun.

The first thing Mama would do was to get the parlor stove out and tipped for the summer in the milkhouse. Then she would take hammer and staple driver and start her attack on the windows — the small-paned, ruffled variety — for they must be removed, their casing strips coming down with them; then all the windows lugged out carefully into the dooryard and leaned up against the plank fence to receive their ablutions of warm water and homemade soap.

Then all the furniture, tables and ends, seats, books, and dishes must be carried or dragged out onto the yard grass and the clothes hung on the clothesline to sun. This great out-going would include, of course, all the old-fashioned beds, with their steel springs, feather ticks and straw ticks — a mass of wood, metal and draped ticking that would be scattered in a confused tangle all across the front yard.

Then the clearing would begin with buckets of hot water from the boiling kettle and buckets of clean cold water for the rinse. And, of course, into the hot water Mama

would put handfuls of her soft homemade soap, that brownropy substance that she and Granny — in its own season — had made from hog grease and ash lye. This soft soap, along with its peculiar cleaning stink, was the very center of cleaning day and the very cleaning process itself — the lyebeds to be washed with it and the windows and even the inside of the dresser drawers — so that now its strange brown smell comes back to me, but it is not the scent of cinnamon rose. Instead, it is a wild, brown, acid, slightly chemical smell, with a taint of rancid hog grease in it and with that sweet fragrance of childhood messiness, soapbuds and joy and springtime sun. And a world away from "ong around the collar, Denny, Tule, and Cheen.

Mama would be peering soapbuds on the glass of the windows and washing them off with an old rag. Then she would turn the windows over, scrub the other side, flush buckets of cold rinse water on them, and leave them drying in the sun.

Usually during this initial stage of the festivities, Ward would be pettingly cleaning out the kitchen stove and stovepipe with a wire and ticks and an old leather duster, the winter's collection of foot flouting dangerously close to the clothesline, and the old dog barking his excitement; the clothes flapping messily on the line.

The hard woman, left inside the house, would be scrubbing the wide-board floors, dusting the

walls and ceilings with a ragged broom, and washing the painted woodwork with dishwater brown soap.

Elizabeth and I might be assigned to "red up" the dresser drawers, wash the seams of kitchen aprons, and wipe off G. D.'s multiplying sets of books. As we cleared the drawers, there was one drawer we must never open. It was the right-hand upper drawer of Grandpa's black walnut highboy — the drawer that was never opened except by the oldest of the House. That was G. D., and it was to town or far off in the old someplace.

We knew Grandpa as the Captain, from his Civil War service; the drawer was never opened because it was "the Captain's drawer," thought by 1920 — say 1920 was the year of this specific cleaning — the old Captain had been dead for many years. But his drawer was never opened; and not opened now either, except by the oldest male member — because it is the Captain's drawer. So, back then, Elizabeth and I would hearken and mind sheets and pillowcases in the last part of the highboy and then the washing, the endless dishes, endless pots and pans.

By now — getting on top and out — Ward would be filling the straw ticks with the new straw from the steeple tick, and Mama would be them up with a clarning wood and pine thread. Then the old stove would be thrown into the hog pen and the log and scrubbing would go on.



Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva, dressed this way for the annual housecleaning.

arly and two 20-gallon kettles of water
in to put on to boil.

arly By then the sun would be up, the
ring yard grass drying, and the fire gone

Spring Cleaning

By Louise McNeill

Let one of the great West Virginians when Louisa McNeill was buried on June 27 — West Virginia Day, naturally enough — and we were proud to have had opportunity to bring some of her prose into

favorable was "Spring Cleaning," a previously published manuscript she drew from her files in 1915. Like most of her prose this story deals the Pocahontas County homeplace which she have treasured since Revolutionary War



Mother Grace McNeill stands here (right) with sister Mary, never missed this way for the longest time.

in those gentle years, 1920, our Pocahontas County household was relaxed. For despite the Great Grumpy's temper, the Mama's annual bout of housecleaning, our life still moved to the slow rhythm of the seasons, and the roof of our cottage in the meadow, the sun fell and the snow gently, and summer rain.

It was a country school-teacher later a principal and a good, even great, at that. He was also a part-time farmer with a pocket and a dream in his name was George McNeill. Nearly every-thing in the neighborhood called "But not to his face." He had once been a school-teacher, but now he was a cook, gardener, seamstress, miller, pig woman, silver-blackberry, pie-maker, and, moreover, my mother. My mother was baked it every day

and every season, but particularly when the spring sunshine came in to show it up. So every May or early June she must hold her great spring housecleaning, a rigorous and ancient ritual which we must celebrate from before daybreak until after dead dark.

Not like later when someone would come in to wash the wood-work in my house, Windex my windows, and I'd lug the box of dusty Christmas decorations upstairs. No, my mother, when she spring housecleaned, spring housecleaned, and there was nothing casual in her touch.

On that morning, chosen by moon signs for its promise of "warm and sunny," Mama would be up long before daylight, shaking the kitchen range down, grinding her coffee, putting on the bacon and eggs. Then, breakfast over, we would hurry out to do the milking, strain the milk, slop the hogs, feed the chickens, and start carrying in, by way of three-gallon buckets, a barrel of water from the spring. Then a fire would be built at the wash place

and two 20-gallon kettles of water put on to boil.

By then the sun would be up, the yard grass drying, and the fire gone out in the kitchen range. When the stove cooled sufficiently, with G. D. helping we would pick it up and, with great fable and puffing, carry it out into the yard. This done, it was time for G. D. to go off to his manwork, though sometimes, as a boon to Mama's intentions, he would hire a sturdy neighbor woman who would come across the field at sun-up, happy to work for 35 cents a day.

Thus supported and often with brother Ward, too, staying around to add his carrying power to the festivities, Mama would begin to transfer all our goods and chattels from house to yard. For this was the old custom, to carry every lock, stock, and bobble out of the house, set the wild collection down on the yard grass, scrub it or dust it and sun it, and then, in the late evening, the inside of the house by then scrubbed and squeaky clean, to carry everything back in.



Louise McNeill's Last Book

In September 1994 the University of Pittsburgh Press published Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an extensive collection of the late poet laureate's favorite poems.

Fermi Buffalo was the project which provided excitement to McNeill's later years. The title reflects a fascination which McNeill — an historian whose son is a physicist — came to have with the contrast of the mythic past and the wonder of science, represented here by the buffalo roaming the grounds of the Fermi Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful, some as short as the three lines she called "Couple":

You have not changed —
for Time is kind;
Your face — to me —
is never lined;
As you grow wrinkled,
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Charleston writer Topper Sherwood in preparing the manuscript for the book.

Fermi Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for \$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in paperback. The book may be purchased in bookstores or from the University of Pittsburgh Press, 127 North Bellefield Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

not biscuits, and w
pie. As she moved a
in her clean starch
seemed — except
gleam in her gentle
quiet as a rose.

Then she went in
two men to supper
her biscuits as they
we were all pulled
and our starched n
G. D. cleared his
Superintendent St
grace.

"Thank you for
this day; bless
use..." And Mama
her hands folded
devoutly in prayer
to say, "Cleanlin
liness," and "M
light work." *
light work." *

From Volume 19,
1993

of Caentry. - Indian + rails used as roads
2 in our places.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 15th Airplane

He saw come over - field over towards
old house,

this Jan
1769th

Monument being erected -
Pioneer Settler of Swago - can
Thomas McNeill - Price's History

Susie or Helena Can add to or
Contradict my version, Since they
are older than I am.

School House on Bay Creek - ^{from end} West
Edna taught there some - Ball
Mr. Miles possible gave land.

Acme

Mr. Will Jossell gave land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in ^{June} 39

Capt. Kallingsworth - P.D. & W.W. Graham

Bill Rogers - 3⁰⁰ - per mile

as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it

To Paul's Damian present home at our

Expense.

+ Model

15-18 Paul's - 1-1

Well Casing - in Jail below
bridge on Buckleys - Still there
About $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. over ground - well
Used for Comm. that was there then.

Well Casing - in field below
bridge on Buckleys. Still there
about 1 1/2 ft. out of ground - well
used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie & Glenn Can add to or
Contradict my version, Since they
are older than I am.

School House on Dry Creek - ^{Area and} ^{to today} ^{the} ^{the}
Edna Taught there some - Bill
M. still possible game land.

Electricity Came to Buckleys in ^{June} '39
Capt. Killingsworth - P. D. & W. W. Pickens
Bill Rogers
by Salesmen - 3.00 per mo. per mile
as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it
to Paul's Denean present home at our
Expense.

1916-17-18 ^{+ Model} ~~Model~~ Case in the first
of Centre - Indian & rails used as roads
2 in our place.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 13th Airplane
He saw one over - field over towards
old house.

Monument being erected - ^{that Jan} ¹⁹⁶⁸
Pioneer Settler of Swago - was
Thomas M. Smith - ^{his} ^{history}























